

E
475
.53
W115



E 475

.53

.W 115

Entered, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1864, by
J. B. LIPPINCOTT & CO.
in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States for
the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.

Recd. 1/17/77 20-98
Donated to the War Dept.
Library by the Authoress,
Mrs. Gen. Eastman.
Feb. 23rd 1882.

THIS RECORD
OF
A WOMAN'S DEVOTION TO HER COUNTRY
Is Dedicated
TO THE OFFICERS AND SOLDIERS
WHO FOUGHT AND WON
THE BATTLE OF GETTYSBURG.



The following is a list of the names of the persons who have been elected to the office of the President of the United States, from the year 1789 to the present time. The names are given in the order in which they were elected, and the year of their election is given in parentheses. The names are given in the order in which they were elected, and the year of their election is given in parentheses.

George Washington (1789)
John Adams (1797)
Thomas Jefferson (1801)
James Madison (1809)
James Monroe (1817)
John Quincy Adams (1825)
Andrew Jackson (1829)
Martin Van Buren (1837)
William Henry Harrison (1841)
Francis Pickens (1857)
Abraham Lincoln (1861)
Andrew Johnson (1865)
Ulysses S. Grant (1869)
Rutherford B. Hayes (1877)
James A. Garfield (1881)
Chester A. Arthur (1881)
Grover Cleveland (1895)
William McKinley (1897)
Theodore Roosevelt (1901)
William Howard Taft (1909)
Woodrow Wilson (1913)
Warren G. Harding (1921)
Calvin Coolidge (1923)
Herbert Hoover (1929)
Franklin D. Roosevelt (1933)
Dwight D. Eisenhower (1953)
John F. Kennedy (1961)
Lyndon B. Johnson (1963)
Richard M. Nixon (1969)
Jimmy Carter (1977)
Ronald Reagan (1981)
George H. W. Bush (1989)
Bill Clinton (1993)
George W. Bush (2001)
Barack Obama (2009)
Donald Trump (2017)

“THE country has already heard of John Burns, the hero of Gettysburg,—of how the old man sallied forth, a host within himself, ‘to fight on his own hook,’ and how he fell wounded, after having delivered many shots from his trusty rifle into the faces and hearts of his country’s foes. John Burns’s name is already recorded among the immortal, to live there while American valor and patriotism have an admirer and emulator.

“But there was a heroine as well as a hero of Gettysburg. The old hero, Burns, still lives. The heroine, sweet Jenny Wade, perished in the din of that awful fray, and she now sleeps where the flowers once bloomed and the perfume-laden air wafted lovingly over Cemetery Hill.

“Before the battle, and while the national hosts were awaiting the assault of the traitor foe, Jenny Wade was busily engaged in baking bread for the national troops. She occupied a house in range of the guns of both armies, and the rebels had sternly ordered her to leave the premises, but this she as sternly refused to do. While she was busily engaged in her patriotic work, a minie ball pierced her pure heart, and she fell, a holy sacrifice in her country's cause.”



JENNY WADE.

The War.

“OH, Jenny Wade! are you still here?
The rebel troops are pressing near,
And our brave soldiers wait the din
That their assault will usher in.
'Tis said our ranks already thin,
For sleeping on those heights are men
No bugle-call will wake again.
I saw one from the battle-plain;
He says that all is quiet now,
Save where, on yonder hillock's brow,
Our men are digging graves for those
Who've earned the patriot's sweet repose.
Not long the cannon's shout may cease;
The battle-tumult will increase;

Mayhap the rebels will come down
To burn our poor, deserted town,
For all have fled, with terror wild ;
You do not meet a man or child,
Though you should walk through every street.
Old Pompey stamps his angry feet,
And bites his chain, for all forgot
T'unclasp the iron-forgéd knot.
His foaming mouth ! his eye bloodshot !
I pitied him, but did not dare
To loose the bonds that hold him there.
For I believe the cannon's roar
Has maddened him at our own door.
I never saw him thus before.

“ But, Jenny ! tell me why they fight ?
Say ! were we not all happy, ere
Young men could talk of naught but war,—
When swords hung rusting in the hall,
And guns leaned idly by the wall ?
I wished my father here last night,
For I, with my tenth year begun,
Can little do with sword or gun.

Yet glad were I, one of my name
Were here to fight for home.

Our dame,
Who keeps my father's house and me,
Has fled. And so I came to see
If you had done, as you oft said,
Remained to make the soldiers' bread,
Though ball and bullet thick might fall,
And batter down your cottage wall."

Then Jenny said, "You too must stay,
Till I can send you safe away.
This little cottage is our fort.
I think it is a safe resort
For women and for boys, till God
Has driven th'invader from our sod.
Ah! not in man our trust may be:
'Tis God who giveth victory.

"You ask me, Harry! why they fight,
And of the wrong, and of the right.
Would, only from afar might come
The echo of war's dreadful hum!

Ah! why such message sent the South
As only the dread cannon's mouth
Could, from dark Sumter's turrets, dare
O'er hill and plain and wave to bear!"
"War is so dreadful, Jenny!"

"Yes!

That, yon fresh-opened vaults confess.
The very nation's heart-strings throb,
The faintest breeze seems like a sob.
Another Rachel mourns her lost
On Western plain and Southern coast.
Harry! when, like a stream of life,
Our braves rushed forward to the strife,
Your father was the first who said,
'Their blood and ours be on their head,
Who, urged by wounded, baffled pride,
Have the law's majesty defied.'
He went, but never tidings came;
No battle-list has showed his name;
Nor know we yet, if his dear blood
Have swelled the noble, patriot flood
That gilds the current of the seas,
And, mixing still its tide with these

Who fall to-day, will wash our land
From pride, that, with its haughty brand
Upreared to heaven, defies its wrath.
Ah! fainter grew your mother's breath,
When each one said, 'We've nothing heard.'
'Is there no letter? Speak! No word?
Could certain woe be more intense
Than this long trial of suspense?'
And thus she faded, till the shine
Passed from her eyes, as blue as thine.
She died. And to the one that you
Were left, this day has proved how true
Her promises. But fear not! we
Will by God's care protected be.
We trust in an Almighty form
That, viewless, guides the battle-storm."

"Oh, Jenny! hear the cannon! see
The flashing of the musketry!
I would I might a weapon wield,
And tread that direful battle-field.
Our own flag from the heights is hurled!
The rebel standard is unfurled!

Oh! would it were God's holy will
I slept on Cemetery Hill

With her who gave me birth!
Oh! leave your bread! what need of food,
When every stream is red with blood?
At every blow those cannon deal,
The rider feels his horse's heel
Press on his throbbing breast, laid low.
Fly, Jenny! from these scenes of woe."

"Be calm, my child! I may not go.
I see the flaunting standard wave,
But God is mighty; He will save;
And all our ranks are thick and brave.
Our flag will yet these hill-tops crown,
And yonder banner be cast down.
Harry! turn from it thy sad eyes!
See! I must put my bread to rise;
Oh! sweet and light my loaves shall be,
For those who soon will come to me,
Singing the song of victory."

The Union Soldier.

“WHAT, Jenny Wade! are you still here?
Against the table idly leaning
With naught on earth, you or your house
From the hot-bullets’ pathway screening.
The cannon-balls! you hear their hissing!
This youngster here, with terror shiv’ring,
He feels the earth beneath him quiv’ring.
Come, fly!” the Union soldier said,
“For shot and shell fly o’er your head.
Nay, Jenny! look not at your bread,
But hasten through yon dusty track,
Nor turn, like Lot’s wife, to look back.
You and the boy must hurry on;
For all from Gettysburg have gone.
My horse stands champing at the door,
I only stepped this threshold o’er

To see if 'twere you or your ghost
Here still, like sentry, at your post.
Our reinforcements swift come on ;
I must be back here by the dawn.
God grant, not at our own hearth-stone,
Like cowards, we lie down to feel
Upon our necks th'invader's heel.
Oh, Jenny ! old John Burns is where
Thickest the fight, brightest the glare ;
Had Pennsylvania's sons stood up
Like him, we need not of this cup
Of shame have drunk the dregs. But haste !
Nor yet these precious moments waste ;
Come, Harry ! come ! spring up behind,
I will for you a refuge find.
Jenny ! tread thou where yon hill-side
Will thee from rebel bullet hide.
Follow its path, 'twill lead thee down
Where many, from our poor old town,
Are trembling like the birds that hear,
In forest-aisles, the hunter near."

Then Jenny said, "I know not fear ;

Shield thou the boy! give him to those
Who'll guard him safe, until our foes
Are from our grieving valleys thrust;
For driven out they'll be—they must!
Farewell, and God be with thee, Harry!"

"Jenny, I must away! why tarry?"
The Union soldier said, perplexed.
And Jenny cried, "Oh! be not vexed;
Go on thy errand, for, indeed,
Our fate may hang upon thy speed.
Here I must stay!"

Away he reels;
The dust flies round his horse's heels;
Jenny hears not his steed's loud tramp,
Tears her eyes dim, her lashes damp.
The horseman round the steep path whirls;
She sees no more the golden curls
That, floating like eve's parting light,
Look brighter as they pass from sight.
The child she loved so well—oh! who
Will say that ever to her view
Will come again those eyes of blue,

That seemed oft from the grave's decay
To roll the heavy stone away,
And show from out the shadowed air
The angel-mother waiting there?

Soon Jenny's eyes forget to weep,
For troops of horsemen by her sweep,
And, like the sunbeams on the river,
She sees their gleaming sabres quiver;
She hears the bullets whirring by;
She hears the trumpet's blast defy
Far hill and vale and deep ravine
That sleep Wyoming's groves between,—
That, lulled by songs of peace, awake
When war's hoarse shouts their slumbers
break,
Like those affrighted from their rest
By footsteps of unwelcome guest.

Still, still the noisy conflict raves,—
Still, still the rebel standard waves.
Not long that cliff will dare to hold
In heaven's sight that ensign bold.

Oh ! gallant soldiers ! thrust aside
Th'escutcheon of th'invader's pride,
That yet a purpose good will serve,
The shrinking, trembling heart to nerve,
The dauntless soul to make more sure
Freedom's great triumph to secure.

Jenny and the Rebel Officer.

ALAS! where sleep the dead, they fight.

O'er the green graves the battle rages;

Each maddened host a host engages;

Each brow with ire is black as night.

Yes! war, it is a dreadful thing.

The horses' hoofs are madly ringing,

By marble tombs, 'neath which dry bones

Are to the earth in terror clinging;

What, if from dust these dry bones spring-
ing

Should call on heaven, a witness true,—

On hell's deep, fearful abyss too:

“Angels! and ye lost ones! come, view

Where brother, brother meets, to glare,

And with hate's direful, stony stare,

Tearing the heart-strings from each breast

So long against the other pressed,

With such confiding love and pride,
As all the nations' power defied."

Pale as a lily Jenny's face,
And in her temples you could trace
The blue veins, over which her hair
Shone like the waves of Delaware,
When the sun's burning glances stream
Their lustre where the billows dream;
Her hands and arms were white as snow;
Well used to labor were they, though,
For idleness and Jenny Wade
Had never yet acquaintance made;
Her waist was trim and small and round,
And ever with an apron bound,
White as the flour she sifted o'er
The loaves ranged by the oven-door.

"My oven, 'tis already hot,"
Said Jenny Wade; "I had forgot
My work; for all have work to do
When war's dark shadow, striding through

Our peaceful hamlets, makes so sad
The homes that ever were so glad.

“Oh! would the awful strife were done!
Oh! would that, all our battles won,
Our seas and rivers might give back
The glory of the stars' light track.
All the bright stripes that cross our flag
Their silken folds might never drag,
But star and stripe might clasp again
Florida's groves with those of Maine!”

Whose shadow, falling in the door,
Plays on the white and sanded floor?
For Jenny does not seem to mark
The cheek so flushed, the eye so dark,
The raven hair all waving round
A brow and countenance sunbrowned.
The paleness from her face is gone,
And on her cheeks a crimson glowing;
Her care upon her bread bestowing,
She smiles to see her loaves as brown

As leaves the autumn winds are blowing,
 Where Alleghany's peaks look down
 On rock and hill and mossy ways,
 Lit with the Indian summer's blaze.
 She sings with voice as low and sweet
 As breezes that those summits greet,
 When summer's balmy breath is passed
 O'er moss-topped rocks and caverns vast:

"My loaves, how good, how light they are!
 Come, soldiers! when the battle o'er,—
 Open for you my welcome door;
 Come! eat and rest.

"Come! I will wash the dust from off
 The burning brow, the weary feet,—
 'Tis woman's task! a task how meet!
 Come! eat and rest.

"Come! for I see the stars outshine
 The sun, upon our nation's flag;
 Low let the foe's dread banner drag!
 Come! eat and rest."

As Jenny sang, th'intruder smiled ;
"Not yet! not yet!" he said. "My child!
The rebel standard—thus men call
Our banner—will not, must not fall;
But who art thou that dar'st to stay,
When from each party, in this fray,
The swift-contending bullets meet
And play around thy careless feet?
So young, so fearless, haste afar ;—
Not for fair woman, scenes of war;
As well might lilies bloom beside
Etna's hot pathways, lava-dried.
Our balls fly hither, hissing fierce,
The danger from thine own, is worse;
Thy cottage is not iron-grated,
And, were it, two such foes ne'er hated
As those whose shot and shell fly round
This house, with noisy burst and bound;
Thy song is in this tumult drowned ;—
But list! there is a breathing space.
Haste, maiden! from this dangerous place!"

“And who art thou that bidd’st me go?
Neither thy face nor form I know;
But thy soft accent and thy dress
The Southern name and cause confess.
And thinkest thou I’ll leave this spot
At such command as thine? oh! not
From thee permission will I ask
Still to pursue my pleasant task.
But not for woman, scenes of war!
Then why bring scenes of war to her?
For show me, of our land, a part
Without a desolated heart,
Made so by those who, not content
With all the blessings Heaven lent,
Have trampled on a nation’s word,
And chose the verdict of the sword;
And boast not that our flag now droops:—
From yon high cloud our eagle swoops,
And Lee and his proud hosts shall fly
The glances of his sunlit eye.”

“Say’st thou? and wilt thou dare thy fate?”

“Until the battle’s o’er I wait;

My hand shall bathe the aching brow,—
My hand the gushing wound shall bind,—
And the limbs, pain-disturbéd now,
From me shall death's composure find;
The icy drops, from yon bright spring,
I'll bring to quench the hero's thirst;
And I shall find some soothing thing,
Let pain and fever do their worst;
And I shall give the hungry bread,—
For sweet and light my loaves shall be
To those who soon will come to me,
Singing the song of victory.

“Farewell! I stay to do my part
In this dire struggle, though my hand
Hold not a sword; my loving heart
Throbs for an undivided land.”

The Battle.

O GETTYSBURG! thy fields are sown
With seed the earth will not disown,
And watered with as pure a tide
As ever field of battle dyed.

I stood the dying Weed beside,
And saw young Hazlitt bending near,
His parting messages to hear.
I see them still,—that dying man,
With paling lips and closing eye,
 And Hazlitt, with his gentle tones,
Listing to catch the faintest sigh,
 Repeating words that were but moans,
Words to be borne—the little all—
Mementos of his friend's sad fall.

I could but watch the earnest youth,
His eye as soft as woman's, full
Of woman's holy trust and truth;
His brow—but why that look of pain?
Th'accursed bullet to his brain
Was surely aimed.

He fell beside
The friend who leaned on him, and died.

God grant above his ear is bent,
Yet not to messages of woe,
But to those lovely sounds that flow
From heavenly voice and instrument.

O Death! the hills of Gettysburg
Were, for the time, to thee a throne;
There thou, with kingly air, marked out
The noble Reynolds for thine own.
O'Rourke thy victim was, and Cross,
Whose home, in Hampshire's hills, yet
mourns;
The Union was his love, his bride,—
For her he fought, for her he died;

Cushing and Woodruff, brave and young
As ever theme by poet sung;
And ranks of those who found a rest,
By blessings of their country blest.

Their sleep is quiet and serene
As those tall pines that rest between
The jagged cliff, the lowering cloud,
O'er Alleghanian summit bowed.
No foot their fallen leaves has stirred,—
No human voice they e'er have heard;
Only the wind's shrill tones they know.

Only one voice our braves will know,—
Only one call they e'er will hear;
When the great God of battles will
Upon his holy mount appear,—
When th'Archangel of his host
A piercing trumpet-call will sound,
That, thrilling hill and vale and coast,
Will from each ocean-cave rebound;
All must this summons listen, all
Must answer at this dread roll-call.

Brave soldiers of our army! you
Will present be at this review,
To hear your final orders given,
Read out on earth, though writ in heaven.
Then do your duty now, as those
Who will, when this parade shall close,
This last parade, with ranks so full,
Magnificent and terrible!
When every soldier that has died
 In battle, since the world began,
Shall meet, in presence of his God,
 The foe he strove with, man to man.
Oh! keep your armor bright, that He
 Who will your Captain be that day,
God's Son, our Christ, with glory crowned,
 May fling the fearful sword away.
That, gazing, ye may hear him say,
"Oppression's cruel reign is o'er,
And war's dread curse shall be no more;
The good fight's fought, the victory won,
Eternal peace has now begun.

Ye soldiers of the Cross are blessed!
Ye with my name upon your crest!
No more on blood-stained fields ye move;
Heaven's banner over you is love.
Soldiers, ye now may rest!"

The Sacrifice.

“O JENNY WADE! not sleeping now!
Where are the laurels for my brow?”
The Union soldier said. “Ah! fleet
The rebels must be to retreat,
Ere Meade again will give them fight,
And thus arrest their hurried flight
Potomac’s shielding tide across,
With their light gains and heavy loss.
'Tis true their trains have borne away
Burdens of corn and oats and hay,
But many a Southern lad remains
Lifeless upon our groaning plains;
No mother need look out to greet
The smile, the voice, to her so sweet.
These Southerners were gallant friends,
I liked them very well as such,
But do not love them half so much

That on their yes or no depends
Whether in Charleston's genial air
I may my winter clothing wear,
Or change to furs from felt my hat.
But wait a while; we'll fix all that.

"I'll venture Lee has rued the day
That Pennsylvania's farms he saw;
Perhaps he may a lesson draw,
And not to Africa's domains
Again remove the tide of war,
Though I confess I wish he would
Upon us soon again intrude;
Where'er his followers may deign
To steal a horse, or load a train,
I'll pledge my soul they'll get enough
Of that and other sort of stuff.

"But I'll not linger at the door;
I will arouse sweet Jenny, for
Here come the conquering sons of war;
They reel like drunkards at the gates:
'Tis joy that now intoxicates.

“How Jenny sleeps! would she were waked!
I’ll warrant all her bread is baked,
For I remember how she said,
‘Come, when the battle’s o’er, for bread;
Oh! sweet and light the loaves shall be
To you, who then shall come to me,
Singing the song of victory.’

“How sound she sleeps! sweet Jenny, wake!
Thy toil was for thy country’s sake,
And of its joy thou must partake;
Thou’rt weary, but arouse thee now!

“Oh, heaven! how pallid is her brow!
Jenny, wake up! O maiden! why
So quiet? rouse! what! no reply?

“Oh, God! my feet are wet with blood!
What means this dark and clotted flood?

“Alas! the tide is from her breast!
Her white hands there are tightly pressed.

The tracks of bullets round her lay,
This to her heart has found its way;
She sleeps, but this is death!

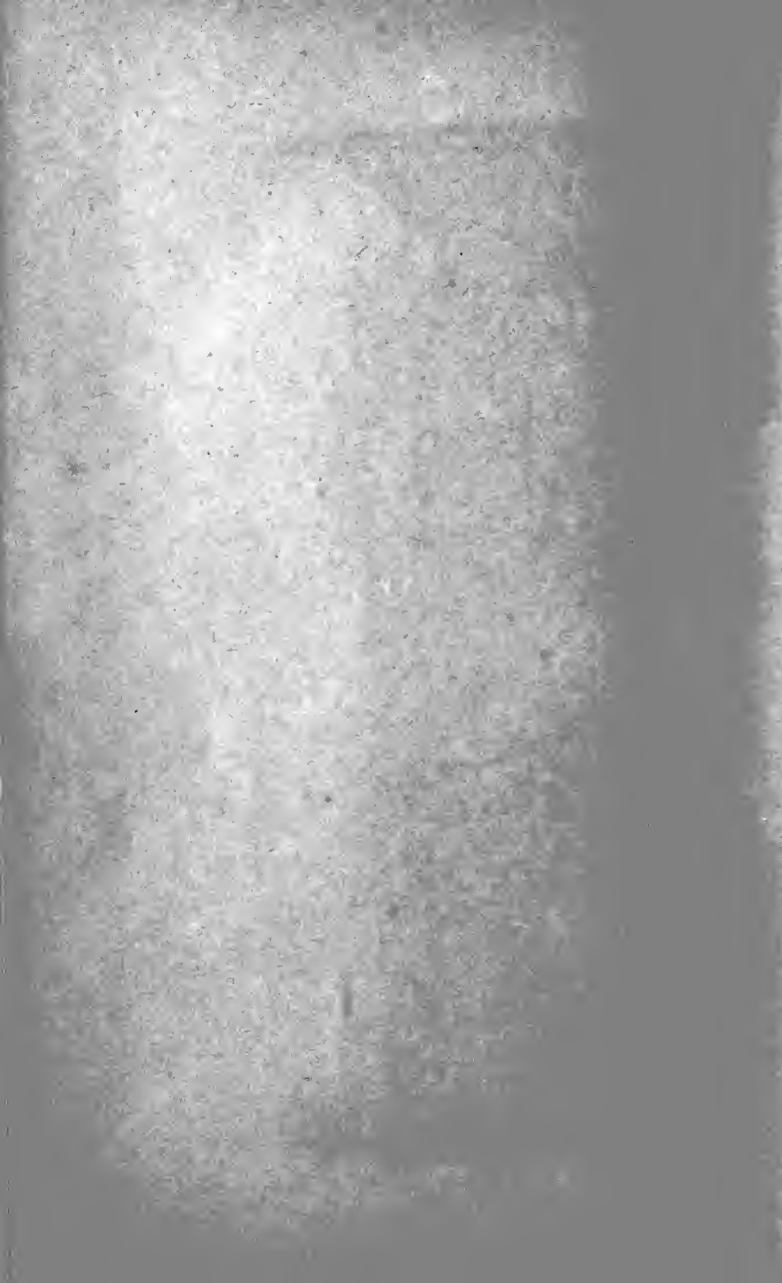
“O soldiers, from the battle-field,
Tread lightly, though her slumbers deep
Will never to your sorrow yield.

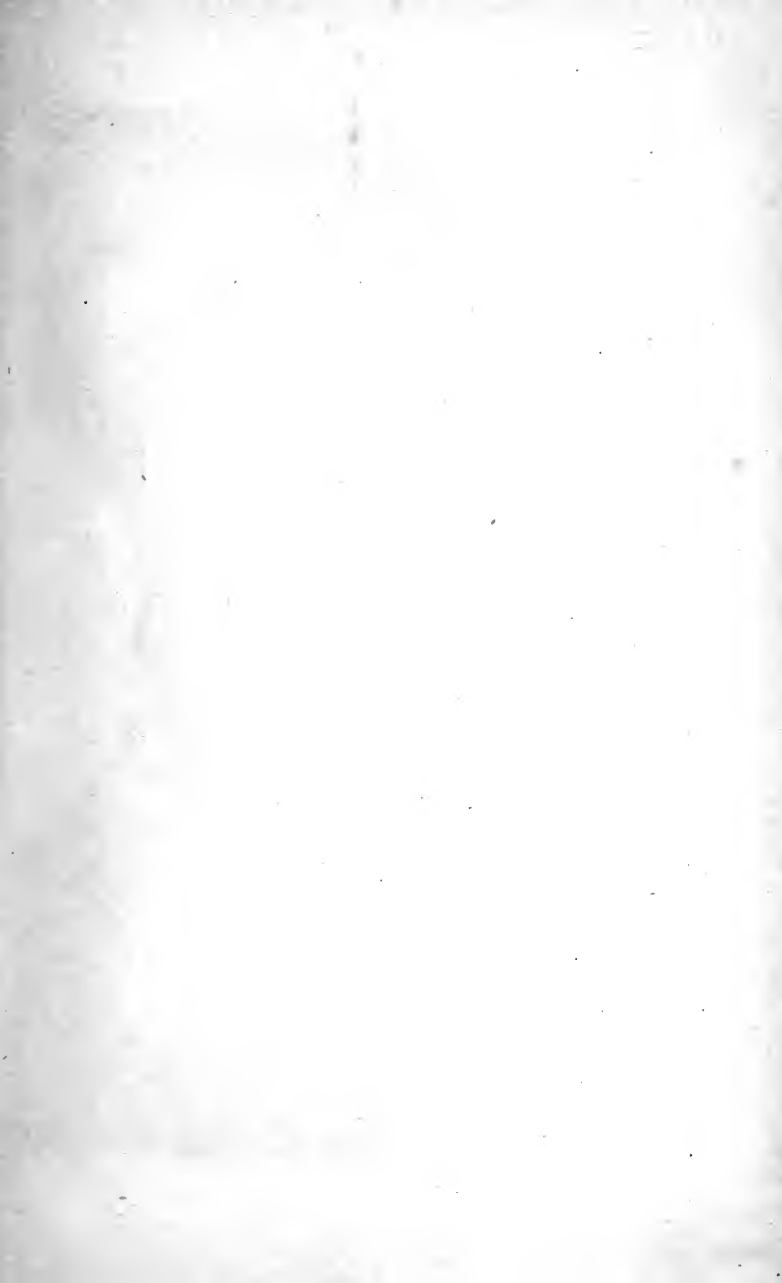
“For you poured out her bosom’s tide,—
For you, for her dear land, she died!
Well may you weep!

But her loved name
Will every patriot heart inflame,—
Will every coward bosom shame!
Ne’er from this country’s altars fade
The memory of Jenny Wade!”

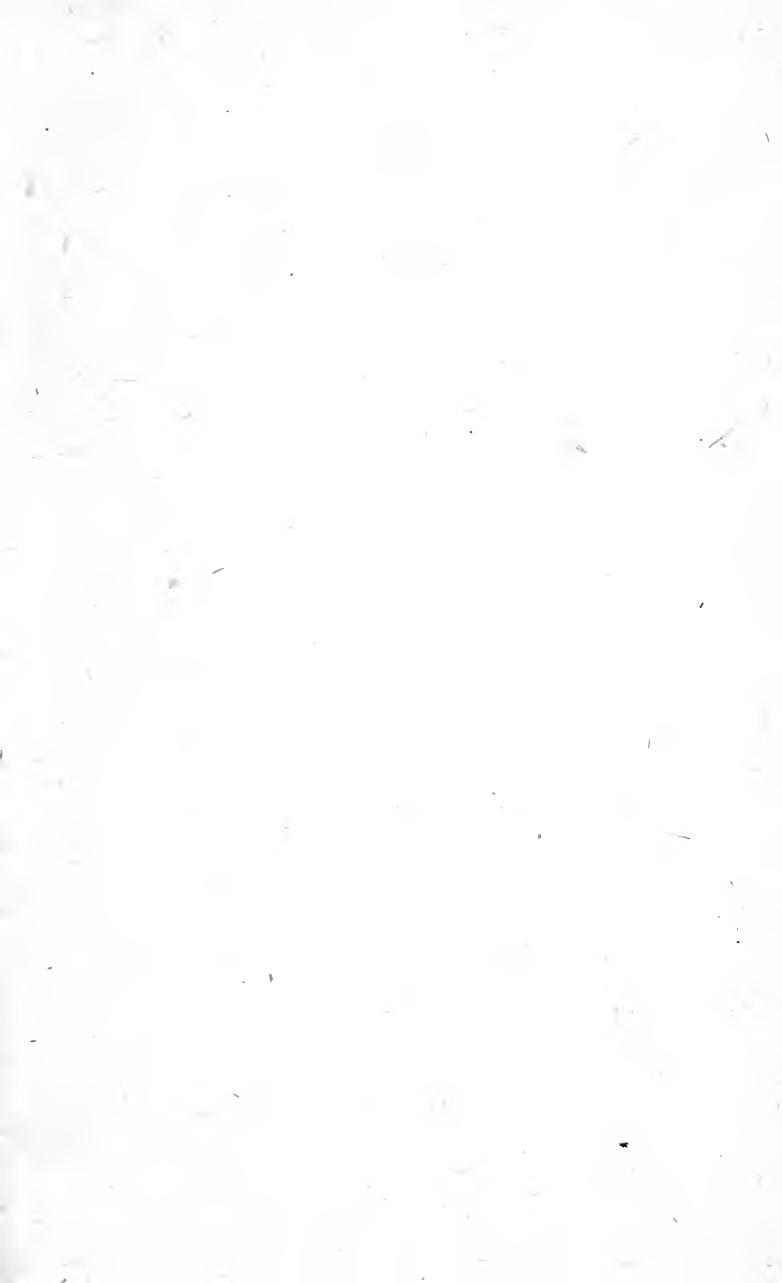
THE END.











War Department Library

Washington, D. C.

No. 2181

Losses or injuries
must be promptly ad-
justed.

No books issued
during the month
of August.

Time Limits:
Old books, two
weeks subject to
renewal at the op-
tion of the Librarian.

New books, one
week only.

ACME LIBRARY CARD POCKET

Made by LIBRARY BUREAU, Boston

KEEP YOUR CARD IN THIS POCKET

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS



0 013 702 161 4